



# Narnia: An Alternate Story



narnia

desert

alternate-story

135 2 8

## Chapter 1 by -

"This must be a simply enormous wardrobe!" thought Lucy, going still further in and pushing the soft folds of the dresses aside to make room for her. She noticed her feet seemed to be sinking, so she stooped over to feel the floor with her hand.

But instead of feeling the hard, smooth wood of the bottom of the wardrobe, she felt something soft and powdery and extremely warm. "This is very queer," she said, and went on a step or two further.

A moment later she found that she was standing in the middle of a desert at noon-time with sand under her feet.

## Chapter 2 by Nuch



The sky was an odd mix of mint and lilac and the sun seemed to shimmer, like a ball of pixie dust. Despite the warm sand under her feet, the air and "sunlight" was fairly cold and she shivered as the chill seeped through her thin blue sundress. Taking a couple of steps forward, she glanced back and saw the thicklv packed clothes in the wardrobe were visible through a lacv purple

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Could it be that she was imagining this? She did not like to think she could be going mad. Perhaps she was dreaming? Unless... No, it could not be real. That was not possible. Was it? She looked up at the wardrobe. She could go back. She could ask her elder sister to come see this. Susan was very kind and sensible. She would be shocked but she could perhaps shed some clarity on this situation.

Lucy looked around. This strange dessert was certainly beautiful.

She blinked. Was it her imagination? Or could she actually see a silhouette in the distance? It was getting closer! It was certainly real now, but it almost looked like it was... just a shadow? It couldn't be! But it was true. It was a shadow. A perfectly round shadow gliding across the golden sand dunes, making a beeline for her. There was nothing above that could be causing it. "Hello..? HellooOOooOooo...!!!" She called out loudly.

The shadow stopped, freezing in place. From across the two dunes in between them, she could barely tell but the edges seemed to twitch. Very slowly an inky black tendril snaked out from it's edge and waved tentatively, once.

Lucy found herself waving back on instinct.

This seemed to embolden the shadow and it slowly inched closer, sliding over another sand dune. She held her hand out - like she would for a kitten, leaning forward slightly.

### Chapter 3 by adware



It reached out a tendril again, cautiously thrusting it towards her... no not towards her, but towards her shadow. The tendril split at its head into finer tendrils, fingers, as it reached out. It touched the shadow cast by her outstretched hand-- and Lucy nearly leaped backwards back into the wardrobe. Although her hand was empty, it felt exactly like someone had gently grasped it in theirs-- and now they were shaking it!

"Oh! Hello-- can you understand me?"

The tendril released its grasp on her shadow and extended one of the small tendrils, curling the rest back in. Lucy squinted. It was undeniably a thumbs up.

"Well it's nice to meet you, I can't remember the last time I've been this interested to meet anybody. My name is Lucy, do you?"

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The extended smaller tendril

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"Well I have to call you something. I wouldn't want to be disrespectful, is something the matter?"

The circle of shadow had begun to tremble. It pulled in the tendril and shot out another. It cast this shadow arm up the side of a dune, curving until it was pointing at the sky. At the sun.

Lucy looked up. There was a strange oversized raincloud passing over the face of the sun. Strange because it was shaped exactly like a pair of glasses. The cloud seemed to be drifting closer, becoming larger.

"Is that... bad?"

The tendril shot out and grabbed her shadow hand again, more firmly this time. She found herself being pulled by invisible force behind the tall dune, down to her knees. The circle of shadow expanded and very suddenly ballooned over her, like a blanket being thrown on a mattress. It imitated the shadow of the dune perfectly.

She was cast in its darkness. She felt very cold.

She could still see the cloud above her, though she had a feeling it would no longer be able to see her. It was much closer now, and she could see very clearly the cloud puffs that made up the frames of the glasses. Where the lenses would be instead was a thick sheet of rain. It scanned the dunes lazily, drifting past her hiding spot without notice.

The friendly shadow receded. She got back on her feet, and puppeted her own shadow to pat the circle.

"I think I'll call you Shade, if you don't object."

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